

Love Bombing and Mind Control

By Peter David Smith

In my own experience as a victim of cultism I remember receiving numerous compliments in the first year of membership. I was told that I was “good stuff”. I was told that I was “quality”. I was told that I was a “shy man” but that with development I would one day emerge and do great things. I was told that there was something important that I would do and, on several occasions this suggestion was coupled with the phrase “which only YOU can do”.

On some occasions I was referred to as an artist, in spite of the fact that I didn’t see myself that way and also in spite of the fact that I had only had a very poor education and, in those days, had never been to art school. They would talk to me as if I was an expert in some sort of subject only without any clarification of what subject it was meant to be. Various nicknames by which Orman would occasionally refer to me included “Try Hard”, “Squirrel Nut” and “Computer Brain”. The ushers (guides or group leaders) had various cute little names for everybody.

These strange compliments could be described as part of the cult phenomena of “love bombing”. It begins with being verbally buttered up and continues into hugs and kisses and matchmaking.

The first Emin meeting I ever went to was at John Edge’s house and, at the end of the meeting, I was asked to escort one of the other people, a woman who was possibly mid-twenties or 30-ish, to the underground station.

We walked along the road, talking about things we’d heard in the meeting. She talked about all the colours in the so-called “aura”. I asked her if it was something like an LSD trip and she acted mock insulted by the question and said “Hey, easy on my virtue!”

At the underground station I said “Well, goodnight then, I have to go that way” I pointed in the direction I needed to go to get home to Dartmouth Park Hill. She seemed surprised that wasn’t also catching an underground train. As I walked away she asked me if I wasn’t “forgetting something”? I said I didn’t think so. “What was I forgetting?”

She didn’t want to tell me, but when I went to a second Emin meeting and then a third I was told that Emin people were supposed to greet each other in a special way which involved the men shaking hands with each other as if they were in Victorian times and the men then kissing the ladies twice, in the form of a quick peck on each cheek. This, I suppose, must be what that woman thought I was “forgetting”.

I was reminded of the first time I was introduced to Orman, when he acted insulted because I didn’t instantly recognise his karate chop style of handshake as a handshake. And then, several weeks later, when I went to the first ever “all Emin” meeting at Saint Saviour’s Octagon Hall in Chalk Farm I did an exact replica of Orman’s karate chop handshake when I was introduced to Leo. This was yet another, at crossed purposes, autistic misunderstanding.

There were psychic experiments such as trying to affect each other by projecting invisible forces and force fields to pull or push each other. I was frequently told that the mental forces which I was projecting were very powerful and were almost knocking people off of their feet, even though I myself had no such perception. To me it seemed that we were being instructed to do something which probably wasn’t possible and I felt confused at being told that I was succeeding amazingly well.

At that time I was under their hypnotic control and the doubts in my mind became compartmentalised away from my mind’s main perception of things.

Sometimes Leo, the leader of the cult, would walk around the circle of chairs pointing at people and making statements about the character of individuals. He once pointed at me and said “What that man wants more than anything else is *recognition*”. This surprised me because I had never thought of wanting anything like “recognition” and, at only 20 years of age, I honestly didn’t know what he meant.

The feeling of being “battered up” in this way went on for the first year or so of being in the Emin group and then changed. After that they adopted a different tactic wherein they interspersed the exaggerated praise and compliments with criticism that I somehow wasn’t showing sufficient results or change. Again I became confused because, if I had been such good “quality” in the first place, why would I need to change so much as was now being implied?

There were several attempts to matchmake me with various Emin women. In each case it didn’t work because there was no common understanding of what the hell was going on. We were like sleepwalkers being hypnotised and seemingly dosed with some sort of drug probably in the tea. Years later, when I argued with other ex-Emin victims about this, some of them suggested a drug called “Cava” which I had previously never heard of but some of the ex-Emin people knew about Cava and claimed that it was legal. I have checked the validity of that statement and found that it isn’t entirely true and various conditions apply.

The reason for wanting to pair up men and women in the Emin was, I assume, to bind everyone more permanently into an Emin culture. If the matchmaking were to work then the couples would probably have children and then those children would be brought up in Emin from birth. I believe that the intention was to grow a colony of fully brainwashed victims who would never know any other way of being. They actually started a village, *Ma’ale Tzviya*, in Palestine as part of Israeli expansionism.

MI6 has admitted the use of hallucinogenic drugs on British servicemen and Leo, the leader of the Emin was continually hinting and flirting about his connections to the police and the R.A.F. and about his supposed knowledge of covert operations and “D notices” regarding “flying saucers”.

So was the Emin set up by British intelligence agencies?

No. I don’t think so. My own opinion is that Leo merely wanted us to think that. If the group had actually been an MI6 operation they would never have hinted at that. I mean, Secret means secret, not “hinting at secret”.

I think Leo was a simple con artist who was attempting to “stitch up” the police, Special Branch and MI6 and make it seem as if they were sponsoring the cult.

What about the Americans?

Somewhere around 1978 the Emin had a Tarot Card stall at the Festival of Mind, Body and Spirit which took place at Earls Court Olympia. I was there reading Tarot Cards on the days when I wasn’t working in the petrol station. There was a Hare Krishna (ISKCON) stall there too. One of the senior devotees, an American man called Pradyumna, who wore the white dhoti and was a Sanskrit scholar, came over from “their side” to “our side”. He left the Hare Krishna Temple and joined the Emin, adopting the Emin name “Homer”. I think he was mostly lured by a startlingly attractive Emin woman called Lake, who later changed her Emin name to “Ming”.

There had always been an American contingent in the Emin since the very early days and the generally used excuse for this was that they were draft dodging the Vietnam War and had subsequently opted to stay in the U.K.

In one meeting Leo said “and there is only one man in the Emin who thinks the way I do” and as he said that he pointed his finger at the space between me and the person sitting next to me.

For one terrible moment I thought he was pointing at me. Then I thought it was possible that he was pointing at the next person along in the row of chairs. That next person was an American man who had carefully cultivated an appearance, hair, moustache etc., resembling Kurt Vonnegut.

Then I realised that the finger had pointed at the space *between* me and the Vonnegut lookalike. It was another mind trick.

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